Williams.

The Fashionable Lover.

She stoops to conquer.

Lionel & Clarissa.

Falfe Delicacy.

Jealous Wife.

West Indian.

School for Rakes.

THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER;

A

COMEDY:

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By the Author of the WEST INDIAN.

BELFAST:

Printed by JAMES MAGEE, at the BIBLE and CROWN in BRIDGE-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXII.

PERSONS.

	London.	Dublin.
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Mortimer,	Mr. King,	Mr. Vandermere,
Aubrey,	Mr. Barry,	Mr. Calvert,
Tyrrel,	Mr. Reddiſh,	Mr. Lewis,
Bridgemore,	Mr. Branſby,	Mr. Sparks,
Doctor Druid,	Mr. Baddely,	Mr. P. Lewis,
Jarvis,	Mr. Griffiths,	Mr. Tyrer,
Napthali,	Mr. Waldron,	Mr. Marlton,
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Mrs. Bridgemore,	Mrs. Hopkins,	Mrs. Hoſkin,
Lucinda Bridgemore,	Mrs. Egerton,	Mrs. Lee,
Mrs. Macintoſh,	Mrs. Love,	Mrs. Logan,
Maid-Servant,	Miſs Plat,	Mrs. O'Neill.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I COMMIT this Comedy to the preſs with all poſſible gratitude to the Public for the reception it has met: I cannot flatter myſelf that the ſame applauſe will follow it to the cloſet; for as it owed much to an excellent repreſentation, I have neither on this, nor any preceding occaſion, conſidered myſelf otherwiſe than as a ſharer only with the Managers and Performers, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the exhibition of my trifling productions. But it is not on the ſcore of ſpectacle only that I am obliged to Mr. Garrick; I am both in the inſtance of this Comedy, and in that of the Weſt Indian, materially indebted to his judgment, and owe the good effect of many incidents in both to his ſuggeſtion and advice: the correction of a real critic is as different from that of a pretender, as the operation of a ſurgeon from the ſtab of an aſſaſſin.

The Comedy, now ſubmitted to the reader, is deſign'd as an attempt upon his heart, and as ſuch proceeds with little deviation from mine; if it ſhould be thought therefore, that I have meant well, the charge of having executed indifferently I ſhall patiently ſubmit to: I have on this occaſion, (as on the two preceding ones) wholly reſted my performance upon ſuch poor abilities, as I am maſter of; I am not conſcious of having drawn any par-

 ticular

ticular aſſiſtance, either in reſpect of character, or deſign, from the productions of others; altho' I am far from preſuming to ſay or think, that I have ever exhibited any character purely original: The level manners of a poliſh'd country, like this, do not ſupply much matter for the comic muſe, which delights in variety and extravagance; wherever therefore I have made any attempts at novelty, I have found myſelf obliged either to dive into the lower claſs of men, or betake myſelf to the outſkirts of the empire; the centre is too equal and refined for ſuch purpoſes.

Whether the reception of this Comedy may be ſuch, as ſhall encourage me to future efforts, is of ſmall conſequence to the public; but if it ſhould chance to obtain ſome little credit with the candid part of mankind, and its author for once eſcape without thoſe perſonal and unworthy aſperſions, which writers, who hide their own names, fling on them who publiſh their's, my ſucceſs, it may be hoped, will draw forth others to the undertaking with far ſuperior requiſites; and that there are numbers under this deſcription, whoſe ſenſibility keeps them ſilent, I am well perſuaded when I conſider how general it is for men of the fineſt parts, to be ſubject to the fineſt feelings; and I would ſubmit whether this unhandſome practice of abuſe, is not calculated to create in the minds of men of genius, not only a diſinclination to engage in dramatic compoſitions, but a languid and unanimated manner of executing them: It will drive men from a neceſſary confidence in their own powers, and it will be thought convenient to get out of the torrent's way, by mooring under the lee of ſome great name, either French or Italian, and ſitting down contented with the humble,

humble, but leſs expoſed, taſk of tranſlation. Should this take place, a cold elaborate ſtile will prevail in our drama, clearly oppoſite to the national character, and not at all at uniſon with the taſte of our writers themſelves. Correctneſs will become the chief object in view, by which, though much may be avoided, little will be obtained: nothing great can be accompliſhed on a plain; turn to Shakeſpear, and you find the Alps not more irregular than his genius; had the critics of his days marked his inaccuracies with that illiberal ſpirit which ſeems reſerved for our time, the bold and daring ſallies of the ſublimeſt Muſe would probably have been ſuppreſſed, and neither the great Actor who has brought his ſcenes to life, nor the elegant Eſſayiſt * who has defended them, would have made ſuch diſplay of their own genius in the celebration and protection of his.

RICH. CUMBERLAND.

* Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakeſpear.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY

MR. WESTON.

In the Character of a Printer's Devil.

I AM a devil, ſo pleaſe you—and muſt hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof:
I'd read it to you, but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor Devil to face ſo many Gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their firſt exploits in ſheets;
While the Preſs groans, in place of dry-nurſe ſtands,
And takes the bantling from the mid-wife's hands.

If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company, feels labour pains;
If any gentle poet, big with rhime,
Has run his reck'ning out, and gone his time;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his ſatire;
Know ſuch, that at our Hoſpital of Muſes
He may lye in, in private, if he chuſes;
We've ſingle lodgings there for ſecret ſinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.

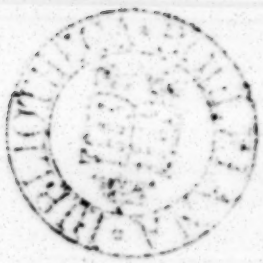
Here's one now that is free enough in reaſon;
This bard breeds regularly once a ſeaſon.
Three of a ſort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarſe progeny of humble nature;
Home-bred and born; no ſtrangers he diſplays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in ſtiff French ſtays:

Two

PROLOGUE

Two you have rear'd; but, between you and me,
'This youngeſt is the fav'rite of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about,
Let it in charity live nine nights out;
Stay but his month up; give ſome little law;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the ſtraw.

Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil;
Kind courteous Sirs, take counſel of the Devil;
Stop your abuſe, for while your readers ſee
Such malice, they impute your works to me;
Thus, while you gather no one ſprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to ſhame:
Faith, Sirs, you ſhou'd have ſome conſideration,
When ev'n the Devil pleads againſt damnation.



EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye, whom the nuptial deity has ty'd
In ſilken fetters, will ye not impart,
For pity's ſake, ſome portion of your art
To a mere novice, and preſcribe ſome plan
How you would have me live with my good man?
Tell me, if I ſhould give each paſſing hour
To love of pleaſure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirſt of deſperate play
I ſhould turn day to night and night to day;
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are theſe objects worth my ſerious aim;
Do they give happineſs, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?
Speak, my adviſers, ſhall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapons that proud ſex defies
And ſets up a new female paradiſe?
Lights for the ladies! Hark, the bar-bells ſound!
Show to the club-room—See the glaſs goes round—
Hail, happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domeſtic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.
In theſe gay ſcenes ſhall I affect to move,
Or paſs my hours in dull domeſtic love?
Shall I to rural ſolitudes deſcend
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend,
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brighteſt heathen-goddeſs there?
Where ſhall I fix? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my huſband, or Soho!
With eyes half-open'd and an aking head,
And even the artificial roſes dead,
When to my toilette's morning talk reſign'd,
What viſitations then may ſeize my mind!
Save me, juſt Heav'n, from ſuch a painful life,
And make me an unfaſhionable wife!

THE

THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A hall in LORD ABBERVILLE's *houſe, with a ſtair-caſe ſeen through an arch. Several domeſtics waiting in rich liveries. Flouriſh of French-horns.*

COLIN *enters haſtily.*

Colin HOOT! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your damn'd clarinets, and gang your gait, for a pair of lubberly minſtrels, as you are. An you cou'd hondle the bagpipe inſtead, I wou'd na' ſay you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient inſtrument of great melody, and has whaſtled many a braw lad to his grave; but your holidays horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city-barge on a ſwan-hopping party up the Thames.

LA JEUNESSE *enters.*

La Jeu. Fedon, Monſieur Colin, for why you have ſend away the horns? It is very much the ton in this country for the fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my Lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below ſtairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark, how vait dere? My Lord ring his bell —Voi la, Monſieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin.

Colin. (looking out.) Now the de'el burſt the weams of you all together, ſay I, for a pack of locuſts; a cow in a clover field has more moderation than the beſt among you: had my lord Abberville the wealth of Glaſgow, you'd ſwallow it all down before you gee'd over.—Crom, crom.

La Jeu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you ſay to the dinner? Upon my vord Monſieur the cook, make as fine diſpoſitions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his ſtatue raiſed en crocan, in the center of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the center of Hounſlow Heath; that's what he merits.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare! Here come my Lord. [*Exit.*

LORD ABBERVILLE *to* COLIN.

L. Abb. Colin, ſee that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and ſupper ſerved at twelve in the great eating parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my Lord, had you ken'd the meſs of cakes and ſweeties that was honded up amongſt 'em juſt now, you wou'd na' think there cou'd be muckle need of ſupper this night.

L. Abb. What, ſellow, wou'd you have me ſtarve my gueſts?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to ſtarve you.

L. Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my ſervant, not for my adviſer.

Colin. Right, my Lord, you did; but if by adviſing I can ſerve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*

L. Abb. What a Highland ſavage it is—My father indeed made uſe of him to pay the ſervants wages, and poſt the tradeſmen's accounts; as I never do either, I wiſh ſomebody elſe had him that does.

MORTIMER *enters, repeating to himſelf,*

Mort. "Is this a dinner, this a genial room?
"This is a temple and a hecatomb."

L. Abb.

L. Abb. What quoting, Mortimer? and ſatire too? —I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home.—— Good night to you.

L. Abb. What, on the wing ſo ſoon! With ſo much company can my philoſopher want food to feaſt his ſpleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt againſt the name; no Bramin cou'd abominate your fleſhly meal more than I do; why Hirtius and Apicius would have bluſh'd for it: Marc Antony, who roaſted eight whole boars for ſupper, never maſſacred more at a meal than you have done.

L. Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up ſtairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards! me at a quadrille-table; pent in with fuzzing dowagers, goſſiping old maids and yellow admirals; 'ſdeath, my Lord Abberville, you muſt excuſe me.

L. Abb. Out on thee, uncomfortable being, thou art a traitor to ſociety.

Mort. Do you call that ſociety?

L. Abb. Yes, but not my ſociety; none ſuch as you deſcribe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is form'd by people of the firſt faſhion and ſpirit in this country.

Mort. Faſhion and ſpirit! Yes, their country's like to ſuffer by their faſhion more than 'twill ever profit by their ſpirit.

L. Abb. Come, come, your temper is too ſour.

Mort. And your's too ſweet: a mawkiſh lump of manna! ſugar in the mouth, but phyſic to the bowels.

L. Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; I did not know your office extended any further.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear eſtate into your hands, I clear'd myſelf of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of faſhion and ſpirit will be your lordſhip's.

L. Abb. Pooh! you've been black-ball'd at ſome paltry port-drinking club; and ſet up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort.

Mort. Not I, believe me: your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expoſe——There ſtands a ſample of your choice.

L. Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him?

Mort. Where is the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry poſſeſs to fit him for the liberal office of travelling preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my Lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a reſtraint; and, in his ſtead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forſooth, who looks as if you had rak'd him out of the cinders of Mount Veſuvius.

L. Abb. And ſo I did: but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You muſt excuſe me.

L. Abb. Nay, I muſt have you better friends——Come hither, Doctor, hark'e——

Mort. Another time: at preſent I am in no humour to ſtay the diſcuſſion of a cockle-ſhell, or the diſſection of a butterfly's wing. [*Exit.*

DOCTOR DRUID *enters.*

Dr. Druid. Putterflies! putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the ſurly-poots prabbling about? Cot give her coot luck; will the man never leave off his flings, and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpiting his petters?——Coot, my Lord, let me call him back, and have a little diſputes and diſputations with him, d'ye ſee.

L. Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious! ay, in coot truth is he, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crochets, and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of ſociety.

L. Abb. Nay, he talks well ſometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig ſound, and little wit; like a loud bell, to a pad dinner.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Patience, good Doctor, patience! another time you ſhall have your revenge; at preſent you muſt lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord, I've done: laugh at my putterflies indeed! if he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid would make free to whiſper an oord or two in his ear.

L. Abb. Peace, cholerick King of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord, I ſay I've done.

L. Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You muſt know then, I expect my city madam from Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young Madam Pridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pleſs her, and ſave her, and make her a coot wife, ſay I.

L. Abb. Pr'ythee, good Doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you, ſhe is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe, and as I mean to make all things as eaſy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my Lord, with your houſe full of company?

L. Abb. Oh! that's no objection, none in the leaſt; faſhion reconciles all thoſe ſcruples: to conſult your own eaſe in all things is the very firſt article in the recipe for good breeding; when every man looks after himſelf, no one can complain of neglect; but as theſe maxims may not be orthodox on the eaſtern ſide of Temple-bar, you muſt ſtand Gentleman Uſher in this ſpot; put your beſt face upon the matter, and marſhal my citizens into the aſſembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an addreſs from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've ſome teviliſh oomans in the wind, for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath, or the tevil, cou'd keep you below.

L. Abb. You've gueſt it; ſuch a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himſelf cou'd not exorciſe her: I am poſſeſt, and from the hour I ſaw her by ſurprize, I have been plotting methods how to meet her: a lucky opening offers, the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's viſit is the ſignal for ſpringing it.

Dr. Druid. Pridgemore's! how ſo?

L. Abb. Why, 'tis with him ſhe lives; what elſe cou'd make it difficult, and what but difficulty cou'd make me purſue it? They prudently enough wou'd have conceal'd her from me, for who can think of any other, when Miſs Aubrey is in ſight?—But hark! they're come; I muſt eſcape—Now, love and fortune, ſtand my friends! [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Pleſs us, what haſtes and hurries he is in, and all for ſome young huſſey—Ah! he'll never have a proper reliſh for the venerable antique: I never ſhall bring down his mercury, to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoſo ought to ſtand at: ſometimesindeed he will contemplate a beautiful ſtatue, as if it was a ooman; I never cou'd perſuade him to look upon a beautiful ooman, as if ſhe was a ſtatue.

BRIDGEMORE, *Mrs.* BRIDGEMORE, *and* LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiſs your hands; I kiſs your hands, good Doctor.—How theſe nobles live! Zooks, what a ſwinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why Mr. Bridgemore, ſure you think yourſelf in Leatherſellers-hall.

Luc. Pray recollect yourſelf, Pappa; indeed this is not Fiſh-ſtreet-Hill.

Bridge. I wiſh it was; I'd ſoon unhouſe this trumpery; I'd ſoon furniſh it with better goods: why this profuſion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs Bridge. Law, how you ſtand and ſtare at things; ſtopping in the hall to count the ſervants, gaping at the luſtre there, as if you'd ſwallow it—I ſuppoſe our daughter, when ſhe's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Doctor Druid,

Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of a very ancient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it ſhould ſeem, if he's the repreſentative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs Bridgemore, Miſs has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge Come Sir, we'll join the company; Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes truly, he's impatient for your coming, but you ſhall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas ſome plaguy buſineſs took him out, but we'll diſpatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge Well, buſineſs, buſineſs muſt be done.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my Lord had been a man of faſhion, not of buſineſs.

Luc. And ſo he is; a man of the firſt faſhion; you cannot have a freſher ſample: the worſt gallant in nature is your maccaroni; with the airs of a coquette you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in ſome awe before the men, but not one ſpark of paſſion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we muſt make our curtſies above ſtairs—our card was from Lady Caroline; I ſuppoſe ſhe is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there? ſhow the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up, and ſhow your cloaths, I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [*Exeunt Ladies.* I love to talk with men that know the world; they tell me, Sir, you've travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what ſay you, Sir? you're glad to be at home; nothing I warrant like old England. Ah! what's France and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders? no, old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world beſides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly ſays as much; 'twill fill the pot, but ſtarve the prain; 'tis full of corn, and ſheep.

and villages, and people: England, to the reſt of the oorld, is like a flower-garden to a foreſt.

Bridge. Well, but the people, Sir, what ſay you to the people?

Dr. Druid. Nothing: I never meddle with the human ſpecies; man, living man, is no object of my curioſity, nor ooman neither; at leaſt, Mr. Pridgemore, 'till ſhe ſhall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I underſtand you; you ſpeak in the way of trade: money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade! I ſcorn 'em both; the beaten track of commerce I diſdain to follow: I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traverſed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmoſt Teſarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed! no; I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight; there is the land of wonders; finely depopulated; glorioufly laid waſte; fields without a hoof to tread 'em, fruits without a hand to gather 'em; with ſuch a catalogue of pats, peetles, ſerpents, ſcorpions, caterpillars, toads—oh! 'tis a recreating contemplation, to a philoſophic mind!

Bridge. Out on 'em, filthy vermin, I hope you left 'em where you found 'em.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it ſpoken, I have imported above fifty different ſorts of mortal poiſons into my native country.

Bridge. Lackaday, there's people enough at home can poiſon their native country. *(Mrs.* BRIDGEMORE *and* LUCINDA *enter)* So, Ladies, have you finiſhed your viſit already?

Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtſies, and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you ſhould go, 'till my Lord comes back.

Luc. Why not; if my Lord treats me already with the freedom of a huſband, ſhou'dn't I begin to practiſe the indifference of a wife? [*Exeunt.*

Dr. Druid. Well, but the ſupper, Mr. Pridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the ſupper!

Bridge.

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poiſons have given me my ſupper: ſcorpions, and bats, and toads —come let's be gone. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Wou'd they were in your belly! [*Exit.*

An apartment in BRIDGEMORE'*s houſe.*

MISS AUBREY *and* TYRREL, *and a maid-ſervant with lights.*

Aub. How I am watch'd in this houſe you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you muſt not ſtay; what you have done and ſuffer'd for my ſake I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I ſee you now, at laſt, ſurmount your difficulties by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again expoſed on my account!

Tyr. I glory in protecting you; when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I ſhall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town, Life is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I've obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aub. Alas! What hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whoſe rugged nature knows no happineſs itſelf, nor feels complacency in that of others?

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world miſtakes him. Farewel, my dear Auguſta; back'd with thy virtuous wiſhes, how can I fail to proſper? *(He goes out, and ſhe enters an inner apartment. The maid ſervant immediately introduces*

LORD ABBERVILLE.

Serv. All's ſafe; follow me, my Lord; ſhe is in her bed-chamber.

L. Abb. Where? where?

Serv. There; where you ſee the light through the glaſs door. If I thought you had any wicked deſigns in your head, I wou'dn't have brought you here for the world; I ſhould be murder'd if the family were to know it: for pity's ſake, my Lord, never betray me.

L. Abb. Go, get you gone; never talk of treaſon, my thoughts are full of love. *(The maid-ſervant goes out.)* Firſt I'll ſecure the door: 'twill not be amiſs to bar this retreat. *(Locks the door, and advances to the glaſs-door.)* Ay, there ſhe is!——How penſive is that poſture!—Muſing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble couſin to a vulgar tyrant——'Sdeath, ſhe cannot chooſe but jump at my propoſals.—See, ſhe weeps—I'm glad on't——Grief diſpoſes to compliance——'Tis the very moment to aſſail her.

(She comes to the door, with the candle in her hand; ſeeing Lord Abberville, *ſtarts.*

Aub. Who's there; who's at the door? Ah!——

L. Abb. Huſh, huſh; your ſcreams will rouſe the houſe.——'Tis I, Miſs Aubrey——'tis Lord Abberville.—Give me your hand.——Nay, be compoſed.—Let me ſet down the candle: you are ſafe.

Aub. Safe, my Lord! Yes, I'm ſafe; but you are miſtaken; Miſs Bridgemore's not at home; or, if ſhe was, this is no place to meet her in.

L. Abb. I'm glad of that; bleſs'd in Miſs Aubrey's company, I wiſh no interruption from Miſs Bridgemore.

Aub. I ſhould be loath to think ſo; an avowal of baſeneſs to one woman, ſhould never be taken as flattery by another: in ſhort, my Lord, I muſt intreat you to let the ſervants ſhow you to ſome fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular ſituation, and have the ſtrongeſt reaſons for what I requeſt.

L. Abb. I gueſs your reaſons, but cannot admit them. I love you, Madam; let that declaration be my excuſe.

Aub. Nay, now your frolick has the air of inſult, and I inſiſt upon your leaving me. *(A rapping is heard at the door.*

Luc. (from without) Who's within there?

Aub. Hark, hark, Miſs Bridgemore, as I live.——Come in.

Luc. Come in! why you have lock'd the door.

Aub. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for ſhame, for ſhame! thus

thus am I ſacrificed to your ungenerous deſigns:—— ſhe muſt come in.

L. Abb. Stay, ſtay; ſhe muſt not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there: I may ſtill eſcape.

Luc. (from without) What are you about, Miſs Aubrey? Let me in.

Aub. Where ſhall I turn myſelf? You've ruined all: if you're diſcovered, I ſhall never gain belief.

L. Abb. Be adviſed then: we have only this chance left. *(goes to the bed-room door.)*

Luc. Miſs Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I ſhall call up my mamma; ſo pray unlock the door.

Aub. I ſcarce know what I do *(after locking Lord Abberville in, opens the outward door.)* There, Madam, you're obey'd.

Luc. Why, ſurely, you affect extraordinary privacy. It ſeems you've had your Tyrrel in our abſence.

Aub. Yes Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty ſpirits.

Aub. No, Madam; my poor ſpirits ſuit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every ſenſe.

Luc. She's happy I can ſee, though ſhe attempts to hide it: I can't bear her.——Pray, Miſs Aubrey, what are your deſigns to ruin this young man?

Aub. Madam?

Luc. Can you now in your heart ſuppoſe that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as ſoon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he ſhall) your hopes are cruſh'd at once.

Aub. When were they otherwiſe?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—ſhe ſeems confus'd—her eyes wander ſtrangely: watching the bed-room door—what is it ſhe looks at?

Aub. Where are you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where—ſhe's alarm'd——— Miſs Aubrey, I have a fooliſh notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this houſe.

Aub.

Aub. No, on my word—ſhall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will ſerve: I can adjuſt my head-dreſs at your glaſs—Hey-dey; all's faſt—you've lock'd the door———

Aub. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, you have, Madam; and, if my ſuſpicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aub. I beg to be excuſed.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at laſt? Admit me.

Aub. You cannot ſure be ſerious—think I've the ſanction of a gueſt.

Luc Ridiculous! I'll raiſe the houſe—let me come to the bell.

Aub. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own ſake deſiſt: to ſave your own confuſion, more than mine, deſiſt, and ſeek no farther.

Luc. No, Madam; if I ſpare you, may the ſhame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aub. At your own peril be it then! Look there *(opens and diſcovers Lord Abberville.)*

Luc. Aſtoniſhing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary! this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the neweſt and the boldeſt ſtile.

L. Abb. Upon my life, Miſs Bridgemore, my viſit has been entirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordſhip's character, the Lady's compoſure, all are innocence itſelf. Can't you affect a little ſurprize, Ma'am, at finding a Gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourſelf? So excellent an actreſs might pretend a fit on the occaſion: Oh, you have not half your part.

L. Abb. Indeed, Miſs Bridgemore, you look upon this in too ſerious a light.

Luc. No, be aſſured: I'm charm'd with your addreſs; you are a perfect faſhionable lover: ſo agreeable to invite us to your houſe, ſo well bred to be from home, and ſo conſiderate as to viſit poor Miſs Aubrey in

our

our abſence; altogether, I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, your politeneſs, or your honour.

Aub. Miſs Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my innocence to you; Heaven and my own heart acquit me; I muſt endure the cenſure of the world.

Luc. O Madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may ſet that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this houſe will not be very welcome. [*Exit.*

L. Abb. (to her as ſhe goes out) Then, Madam, ſhe ſhall come to mine; my houſe, my arms are open to receive her. *(To Aub.)* Fear nothing, ſet her at defiance; reſign yourſelf to my protection; you ſhall face your tyrant, out-face her, ſhine above her, put her down in ſplendor as in beauty; be no more the ſervile thing her cruelty has made you: but be the life, the leader of each publick pleaſure, the envy of all womankind, the miſtreſs of my happineſs—

Aub. And murderer of my own. No, no, my Lord, I'll periſh firſt: the laſt ſurviving orphan of a noble houſe, I'll not diſgrace it: from theſe mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my anceſtors owe all they have, I ſhall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach ſome virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to ſeduce diſtreſs yourſelf created, ſinks you deeper in contempt than Heaven ſinks me in poverty and ſhame. [*Exit.*

L. Abb. A very unpromiſing campaign truly: one lady loſt, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all loſſes appear trivial but it's own.

ACT II.

A Library in MORTIMER's *Houſe.*

MORTIMER *alone.*

SO! ſo! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance: 'pſhaw! I'm ſick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling

jangling with each other, whilſt a vaſt army of vices over-runs the whole country at diſcretion. *(Jarvis enters.)* Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, Sir; a breakfaſt of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purſe. There, Sir, I've done your errand; and wiſh hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why ſo, Charles?

Jar. Becauſe the taſk grows heavy; beſides, I'm old and fooliſh, and the ſight is too affecting,

Mor. Why does'nt do like me then? 'Sdeath a ſoft heart in a rough caſe, 'twill wear the longer; fineer thyſelf, good Jarvis, as thy maſter does, and keep a marble outſide to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou my pandar, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half-pay officer I met laſt Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his ſorrows on the world, but in deſpair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you ſaved him; you relieved him; no matter how; you made a fellow creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, Sir; but his ſtory's ſo affecting—

Mort. Keep it to thyſelf, old man, then; why muſt my heart be wrung? I too am one of Nature's ſpoilt children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nurſery.

SERVANT *enters.*

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to ſee you

Mort. Let him come in. *(Tyrrel enters.)* So, nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a priſoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reaſon holds why I ſhould not recover mine.

Mort. Well, Sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practiſing freſh thruſts, or repenting of that which

is

is paſt? You've drawn your ſword to ſatisfy one man, now think of ſatisfying the reſt of mankind.

Tyr. You know my ſtory, Sir; I drew my ſword in the defence of innocence: to puniſh and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the ſame.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of paſſion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it: and as we hold our lives upon theſe terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reaſon then it ſeems, make it religion too, and put it out of faſhion with the world at once: of this be ſure, I had ſooner caſt my guineas in the ſea, than give 'em to a duelliſt. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep houſe with me; you and I, nephew, have ſuch oppoſite purſuits that we can never joſtle; beſides, they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you ſhall rail at one ſex, while I'm employ'd with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our ſpleen at once.

Tyr. O, Sir, unleſs you can conſent to hear the praiſes of my lovely girl, from hour to hour, in endleſs repetition, never ſuffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a Lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear Uncle: a word of your's will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word, 'tis a laſting one; it ſhould be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me ſee your girl; I'm a ſour fellow; ſo the world thinks me; but it is againſt the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune

to

to Miſs Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that ſentiment!—Let me have your conſent for my endeavours at obtaining her's, and I ſhall be moſt happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is ſoon made ready; your's is the taſk: you are to find out happineſs in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. *(Exit. Tyr.)* Well, Frank, I ſuſpected thou hadſt more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encount'ring a wife, I am convinced of it. A wife! 'ſdeath, ſure ſome planetary madneſs reigns amongſt our wives; the dog ſtar never ſets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maiſter Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your houſe?

Colin. Nay, no great ſpell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld ſort. I'm weary of my life amongſt 'em; the murrain take 'em all, ſike a family of free-booters, Maiſter Mortimer; an I ſpeak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may ſpeak it in your ear, an' the de'el himſelf was to turn houſekeeper, he cou'd na' pitch upon a fitter ſet; fellows of all trades, countries and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuſe of the mob, that canna' count paſt twa generations without a gibbet in their ſcutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miſerably changed ſince your old maſter died.

Colin. Ah, Maiſter Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counſel I ha' caſt away upon my Laird; i'faith I hanna' ſtinted him o'that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude huſbandry in plenty; but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and deſtroy'd; his head, heart, happineſs are gone to ruin; the leaſt a gameſter loſes, is his money.

Colin.

Colin. Ecod and that's no trifle in his caſe; laſt night's performance made no ſmall hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Napthali of St. Mary Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a preſumption no Chriſtian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your Lord driven to ſuch wretched ſhifts?

Colin Hoot! know you not that every loſing gameſter has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a deſperate caſe; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to uſher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the preſent caſe, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor; for I take it he makes you ſign and ſeal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my Laird will ſign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promiſary notes, and a damn'd ſight of rogueries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfaſt, as big as little Napthali cou'd carry; I wou'd it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you; Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the uſurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment; this muſt be prevented.

Colin. You may ſpare your pains for that, the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Maiſter Mortimer, I canna' ſatisfy you on that hede; but yeſternight the job was done; methought the buſineſs never had a kindly aſpect from the firſt.

Mort. Well, as my Lord has got rid of Miſs, I think he may very well ſpare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reaſon he ſhould loſe his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be paſt my power to hinder; yet even that ſhall be attempted; find out the

Jew that Bridgemore has employ'd, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew ſince Samſon's time that Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs back, and will na' follow kindly, troth, I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his Maiſter the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll ſcare away that cormorant; if the ſon of my noble friend will be undone, it never ſhall be ſaid he fell without an effort on my part to ſave him. [*Exit.*

Colin. By Heaven you ſpeak that like a noble Gentleman. Ah, Maiſter Mortimer, in England, he that wants money, wants every thing; in Scotland now, few have it, but every one can do without it.

[*Exit Colin.*

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE's *Houſe.*

BRIDGEMORE *and* DR. DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, Doctor? while I have a good houſe over my head, what care I if the pyramids of Egypt were ſunk into the earth? London, thank Heaven, will ſerve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never ſaid it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! why what is like it? where can you live ſo well?

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks ſhops and putchers ſhambles; your very ſtreets have ſavoury names; your poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fiſh-ſtreet Hill here; o' my oord, the Map of London would furniſh out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord-Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, I'm contented with Fiſh-ſtreet Hill; you may go ſeek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your town a little further, and you'll drive every man of ſenſe out of it; pleſs us, and ſave us, pye and pye

not

not a monument of antiquity will be left ſtanding from London-ſtone to Weſtminſter-hall.

Bridge. And if the Commiſſioners of paving would mend the ſtreets with one, and preſent t'other as a nuiſance, bone-ſetters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

D. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and ancient amongſt you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from your progenitors, than you are of tranſmitting it to your poſterity.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for ruſt and cobwebs, I am for bruſhing them off wherever I meet them; we are for furniſhing our ſhops and warehouſes with good profitable commodities; you are for ſtoring 'em with all the monſters of the creation: I much doubt if we cou'd ſerve you with a dried rattle-ſnake, or a ſtuft alligator, in all the purlieus of Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

Dr. Druid. A ſtuft alligator! a ſtuft alderman wou'd be ſooner had.

Bridge. May be ſo, and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to ſeek in the city of London, as an alderman wou'd be in the ruins of Herculaneum: every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be ſworn now, you are as much at home amongſt the ſnakes and ſerpents at Don Saltero's as I am with the Jews and jobbers at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to ſay which collection is the moſt harmleſs of the two.

Mrs. BRIDGEMORE *enters.*

I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to ſee you ſtir no briſker in this buſineſs; with ſuch a ſtorm about your ears, you ſtand as idle as a Dutch ſailor in a trade wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you came in, I heard nothing of the ſtorm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the miſadventure of laſt night, the wickedneſs of that ſtrumpet you have harboured in your houſe; that viper, which wou'd never have had ſtrength to ſting, hadn't you warm'd it in your boſom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I hav'n't heard better reaſoning from an ooman this many a day; you ſhall know, Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous ſpecies love warmth; their ſting, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmleſs reptiles; the conjurers in Perſia play a thouſand fancies and ſagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Perſian Doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No nor conjurer neither; you wou'd not elſe have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls; the Aſiatics are more wiſe; ſaving your preſence now, I've ſeen a Turkiſh Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threeſcore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more eaſe and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to thoſe who have 'em: we ſtand on Britiſh ground as well as our huſbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time: we have our Commons, Doctor, as well as the men, and I believe our privileges are as well manag'd here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be diſputed by any in this company; and if Miſs is as well inſtructed in her's, I wiſh my Lord Abberville joy of his releaſe; that's all. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA *enters.*

What did the fellow ſay? who ſent that old mummy hither?

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying Meſſage from Lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis ſuch an extravagant old blade, he got amongſt the pyramids of Egypt, before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge.

Mrs. Bridge. I would he was there, and his pupil with him: don't you ſee what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they ſhall never have to ſay they threw me into a condition! I may be angry, but I ſcorn to own I'm diſappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child; ſure there are more men in the world, beſides Lord Abberville.

Luc. Law, papa! your ideas are ſo groſs, as if I cared for any of the ſex, if he hadn't ſingled her out from all womankind; but it was ever thus; ſhe's born to be my evil genius: ſure the men are mad—Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touch'd my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay, there is a fine eſtate, a noble title, great connections, powerful intereſt.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep ſome ſhew of juſtice; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miſerable?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, ſhe's been ſuffer'd in your houſe too long; had I been miſtreſs, ſhe ſhou'd have quitted it laſt night upon the inſtant: wou'd ſhe had never enter'd it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wiſh, Mrs. Bridgemore; ſhe has proved the beſt feather in my wing; but call her down; go daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll ſend her to you; nothing ſhall prevail with me to ſpeak to her, or look upon the odious creature more. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? ſhe's the beſt feather in your wing. Explain yourſelf.

Bridge. I can't; you muſt excuſe me; 'tis better you ſhou'd never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a deſtitute girl, without father, and without friend?

Bridge. But is ſhe really without father? was I once

well aſſured of that—But huſh! my daughter's here —Well, where's Miſs Aubrey?

LUCINDA *enters followed by a* MAID SERVANT.

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. What have you there? a letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excuſed, Sir; I don't chooſe to touch her naſty ſcrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's ſee; I'll read it myſelf.

Reads.

" Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville's teſtimony, " nor my moſt ſolemn proteſtations, can prevail with " you to believe me innocent, I prevent Miſs Bridge- " more's threaten'd diſmiſſion, by withdrawing my- " ſelf for ever from your family: how the world will " receive a deſtitute defenceleſs orphan I am now to " prove; I enter on my trial without any armour but " my innocence; which, though inſufficient to ſecure " to me the continuance of your confidence, will, by " the favour of Providence, ſerve, I hope, to ſupport " me under the loſs of it.

" Auguſta Aubrey."

So! ſhe's elop'd.———

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky; there's an end of her: this makes it her own act and deed; give me the letter, go, you need not wait. *(to the ſervant.)*

Serv. Madam!

Luc. Don't you hear? leave the room

Serv. Pray don't be angry; I beg to ſpeak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go, another time; I'm buſy.

Serv. I've done a wicked thing, and if I don't diſcharge my heart, 'twill break, it is ſo full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done? ſpeak out.

Serv. Why I have been the means of ruining an innocent perſon, for ſuch Miſs Aubrey is.

Bridge. How ſo? go on.

Serv.

Serv. 'Twas I that brought Lord Abberville laſt night into her chamber, unknown to her; I thought it was a little frolic to ſurprize her; but when I heard her ſcream, I was alarm'd, and ran and liſten'd at the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Serv. Why then I heard her chide him, and deſire him to be gone; yes, and but juſt before you came up ſtairs, I heard the poor young Lady reproach him bitterly for his baſeneſs in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, Madam: indeed, ſhe is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a ſimpleton, and ſay no more about the matter.

Serv. To be ſure I was a ſimpleton, to do as I did; but I ſhou'd never ſurvive it, if any miſchief was to follow. [*Exit.*

Bridge. What's to be done now?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done? why let her take her courſe; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aſide and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that! indeed, had ſhe been really criminal, I cou'd have endured her better, for then I had had one qualification, which ſhe had wanted; now ſhe piques me every way.

A SERVANT *enters and ſpeaks.*

Lord Abberville, Madam, deſires to be admitted to ſay a word to you.

Luc. Who? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit him; now, Lucy, ſhow yourſelf a woman of ſpirit; receive him, meet his inſulting viſit with becoming contempt: Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themſelves.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. Bridgemore.

Luc. Ahem, now, pride, ſupport me!

LORD ABBERVILLE *enters to her.*

L. Abb. Miſs Bridgemore, your moſt obedient; I come, Madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miſs Aubrey for the ridiculous ſituation in which I was ſurpriſed laſt night.

Luc.

Luc. Cool, eaſy villain! *(aſide.)*

L. Abb. I dare ſay you laugh'd moſt heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Moſt incontinently—incomparable aſſurance! *(aſide.*

L. Abb. Well, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a fooliſh frolick, but abſolutely harmleſs, be aſſured: I'm glad to find you no longer ſerious about it—But where's Miſs Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her, probably, at your own door; ſhe's gone from hence.

SERVANT *enters and ſpeaks.*

Mr. Tyrrel, Madam.

Luc. Show him in, pray—My Lord, you've no objection.

L. Abb. None in life; I know him intimately; but if you pleaſe, I'll take my leave; you may have buſineſs.——Curſe on't, he is the Lady's lover. *(aſide.*

Luc. Nay, I inſiſt upon your ſtaying ——Now malice ſtand my friend!—Good morning to you, Sir, you're welcome to town.

TYRREL *enters.*

Tyr. I thank you—I am wrong, I believe; your ſervant ſhould not have ſhewn me in here: 'tis with Miſs Aubrey I requeſt to ſpeak.

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to Miſs Aubrey: ſhe has left this family, Sir.

Tyr. Madam—My Lord—I beg to know—I don't underſtand——

L. Abb. Nor I, upon my ſoul: was ever any thing ſo malicious? *(aſide.*

Luc. My Lord, why don't you ſpeak? Mr. Tyrrel may have particular buſineſs with Miſs Aubrey.

L. Abb. Why do you refer to me? How ſhould I know any thing of Miſs Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I aſk pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere viſit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuſe me, Madam; I confeſs it was an errand of the moſt ſerious ſort.

Luc.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've placed her.

Tyr. Placed her!

L. Abb. Ay, placed her indeed? For Heaven's ſake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my Lord; but after laſt night's fatal diſcovery, I conceived you wou'd no longer affect any privacy as to your ſituation with Miſs Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you diſcover laſt night, Madam, tell me; I have an intereſt in the queſtion?

Luc. I'm ſorry for't, for then you'll not be pleas'd to hear that ſhe admits Lord Abberville, by night, into her bed-room; locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear; My Lord, my Lord, if this is true——

L. Abb. What then? what if it is? muſt I account to you? who makes you my inquiſitor?

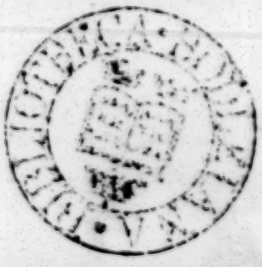
Tyr. Juſtice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over it's oppoſers: if more you wou'd, with anguiſh I confeſs my heart unhappily was placed on her whom you have ruin'd; now you'll not diſpute my right.

L. Abb. This is no place to urge your right; I ſhall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. [*Exit Tyrrel.*

L. Abb. Do ſo—your ſervant——Miſs Bridgemore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable viſit; I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleaſing contemplation of what may probably enſue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. [*Exit.*

Luc. Ha, ha, ha; I muſt be leſs or more than woman, if I did not reliſh this retaliation.



ACT

ACT III.

The Street, with a diſtant View of a Square.

COLIN *alone.*

AH, Colin, thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftleſs loon thou'ſt been, that cou'd na' keep a little pelf to thyſall when thou had'ſt got it; now thou may'ſt gang in this poor geer to thy live's end, and worſe too for aught I can tell; 'faith, mon, 'twas a ſmeart little byſack of money thou had'ſt ſcrap'd together, an the beſt part of it had na' been laſt amongſt thy kinsfolk, in the Iſles of Skey and Mull; muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it! There was Jamie Mac Gregor and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's firſt huſband's ſecond couſin: by my ſol I cou'd na' ſee ſuch near relations, and gentlemen of ſich auncient families gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horſeback: I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'n a countryman a gude laſt upon occaſion *(as he is going out Miſs Aubrey enters.)*

Aub. That houſe is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I can't reſolve to go to it: to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous ſtep; it plunges him again in my unproſperous concerns, and puts his life a ſecond time in danger; ſtill, ſtill I know not how to let him think me guilty: wretched unfriended creature that I am, what ſhall I do? *(as ſhe is going out, Colin advances.)*

Colin. Haud a bit, laſſie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aub. Sir! did you ſpeak to me?

Colin. Troth, did I; I were loth to let affliction paſs beſide me, and not aſk it what it ail'd.

Aub. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in a way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aub. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my caſe admits of.

Colin.

Colin. Wha' can tell that? I may be better than I ſeem: as ſorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Breton in the londe; troth, an you be of my country, Madam, you may have heard as much.

Aub. I do not queſtion it; but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had the de'el a bit the worſe ſhou'd I ha' lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot; we did na' make ourſalls; Paradiſe itſal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither; and let me tell you there's na' braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terreſtrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aub. Well, Sir, you ſeem to wiſh to do me ſervice: I've a letter here; I cannot well deliver it myſelf: if you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the houſe of Mr Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot! hoot! I ken him weel; I come fra' thence but now.

Aub. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? The Gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, Eſquire——Ah! an 'tis thereabouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's loſt; you may ev'n wear the willow as they ſay, for, by my troth, he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aub. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the ſame time.

Aub. His heart's engaged, it ſeems: what is the Lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scottiſh name, I ſhou'd na' let it ſlip ſo; but I have no mighty memory for your Engliſh callings; they do na dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a great fat lubber yonder in the city that ſhe dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; ſhe's the happy woman.

Aub.

Aub Is ſhe the happy woman? Well, Sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treaſon in it againſt Miſs Aubrey; ſhe herſelf is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I ſhall honde it to him; I were a ſorry child an I could grudge you that: where ſhall I bring his anſwer?

Aub. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your houſe, where mun I ſay you dwel!?

Aub. I have no houſe, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hoſpitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will ſhew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceleſs loon indeed, when Providence ha' done ſo much for me, and I cou'd not pay bock a little to a fellow creature.

Aub. Who you may be I know not, but that ſentiment perſuades me I may truſt you; know, in this wretched perſon you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miſs Aubrey.

Colin. Miſs Aubrey! you Miſs Aubrey! His preſence be about us! And has that great fat fellow in the city turn'd his bock upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his ſtomach be his grave! I could find in my heart to ſtick my dirk into his weam

Aub. Have patience; 'tis not he, Lord Abberville's the ſource of my misfortunes.

Colin Ah, woe the while the more's his ſhame, I'd rather hear that he was dead.

Aub. Do not miſtake affliction for diſgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I ſee it in your face: wou'd I cou'd ſay as much of him.

Aub. You know him then?

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Macleod's my name

Aub Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you ſtart at? Troth, there's no ſhame

ſhame upon't; 'tis nought a bit the worſe for my wear; honeſty was aw my patrimony, and by my ſol I hanna ſpent it: I ſerve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aub. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beſeech you, into ſome preſent ſhelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing ſpace, till I can rally my exhauſted ſpirits, and learn to ſtruggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my ſol, ſo Heaven gives life, and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na ſmuthly ſpoken, but you ſhall find me true.—And look, the firſt door that I caſt my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintoſh; troth, 'tis a gudely omen and prognoſtic: the Macintoſhes and Macleods are aw of the ſame blood fra' long antiquity: had we ſearch'd aw the town we cou'd na' find a better. (*Knocks at the door.*) Odzooks, fear nothing, damſel, an ſhe be a true Macintoſh, you need na' doubt a welcome. (*Mrs* Macintoſh *comes to the door.*) Gude day to you, Madam, is your name Macintoſh, pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, haud a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye ſee, a Scottiſh kinſman of your's, Colin Macleod by name, I crave a lodgement in your houſe for this poor laſſie.—Gude troth you need na ſquant at her ſo cloſely; there's nought to be ſuſpected; and tho' ſhe may na' boaſt ſo long a pedigree as you and I do, yet, for an Engliſh family, ſhe's of no deſpicable houſe; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent; reſpecting mine own ſall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any doubts, you need na' gang a mighty length to ſatisfy 'em; I'm no impoſtor.

Mrs, Mac. I ſee enough to ſatisfy me; ſhe is a perfect beauty:—pray, young Lady, walk in; pray walk up ſtairs, you are heartily welcome; lackaday, you ſeem piteouſly fatigued.

Aub. Indeed I want repoſe.

Colin. Reſt you a while; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anon.

Aub. I thank you. [*Enters the houſe.*

Mrs Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl?

Colin. Haud you a bit, you've done this kindly, couſin Macintoſh, but we're na come a bagging, d'ye ſee; here, take this money in your honde and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintoſh at once; I am na' apt to be miſtaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely preſence that you have; troth 'tis the caſe with aw of you; the Macintoſhes are a very perſonable people. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scottiſh couſins—Oh, this new name of mine is a moſt thriving invention; a rare device to hook in cuſtomers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's pariſh, ſcarce a yard of ferret could I ſell to club a prentice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a Knight of the Thiſtle that does not wear my green paduoſy acroſs his ſhoulder, nor a Mac paſſes my ſhop who does not buy ſnuff and black ribbond of his kinſwoman; of ſuch conſequence is it to have a good name in this world. [*Exit.*

A room in Lord ABBERVILLE'*s houſe.*

Lord ABBERVILLE *enters, followed by ſeveral ſervants.*

L. Abb. You are a moſt unreaſonable ſet of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reaſon, my Lord; Monſieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

L. Abb. I think, La Jeuneſſe, I have been at ſome pains to put that out of diſpute; but get you gone all together, and ſend the fellow to me; I begin to be as tired of him as you are —(*Exeunt ſervants.*)—His honeſty is my reproach; theſe raſcals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has no ſtake, no intereſt in my fortune, ſhould huſband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the ſufferer: in ſhort,

he

he is the glaſs in which I ſee myſelf, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deform'd me; gameing has made a monſter of me.

La Jeunesse *re-enters.*

L. Abb. Well, is the ſavage coming?

La Jeu. He is only turning his cravat, my Lord, and will be here immediately.

L. Abb. Leave me. *(Exit* La Jeune. Colin *enters.)* Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your preſence, I ſhould gueſs a pratty many lies; 'twill moſtly be the caſe when companions in office give characters one of another.

L. Abb. But what is he, whom nobody ſpeaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And ſo muſt truth itſall, when the de'el turns hiſtorian.

L. Abb. You've been applauded for your bluntneſs; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; nor ſhall I part with all my family to accommodate your ſpleen: from the ſtable-boy to my own valet, there's not a domeſtic in this houſe gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor ever will, till I prefer their intereſt to your's; hungry curs will bark; but an' your Lordſhip wou'd have us regale our friends below-ſtairs, while you are feaſting your's above, gadzooks, I have a pratty many countrymen in town, with batter appetites than purſes, will applaud the regulation.

L. Abb. 'Tis for ſuch purſes and ſuch appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridian of London, your narrow ſcale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Oeconomy is no diſgrace, 'tis batter living on a little, than outliving a grate deal.

L. Abb. Well, Sir, you may be honeſt, but you are troubleſome; my family are one and all in arms againſt you; and you muſt know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or ſtate, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My Lord, my Lord; when you have ſhade the

blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realm of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I ſtrike my honde upon.

DOCTOR DRUID *enters to them.*

L. Abb. So, Doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear no more of theſe complaints; don't be ſo conſiderate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite ſo parſimonious to yourſelf, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

L. Abb. Afford it, ſirrah? don't I know you have money enough, if you had but ſpirit to make uſe of it?

Colin. True; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye ſee, leſt you ſhould not. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Pleſſing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and diſputing truly about pedigrees and antiquities, tho' I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a Monk can tell his beads.

L. Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, Doctor, and tell me if you carried my meſſage to Bridgemore—But why do I aſk that? when I myſelf am come from putting the finiſhing hand to that treaty: and really if young women will keep companions, who are handſomer than themſelves, they muſtn't wonder if their lovers go aſtray.

Dr. Druid. Av, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've ſomething there to anſwer for.

L. Abb. Preach not, good ſixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the ſtars are in my debt one lucky throw at leaſt; let them beſtow Miſs Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's paſt. *(A ſervant delivers a letter)* What have we here?—from Tyrrel, I ſuppoſe,—no, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintoſh. *(Reads)*—"Chance has "thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipſes your "Miſs Somers: come to me without loſs of time, leſt "the

" the bird ſhould be on the wing."—What ſhall I do? I have but little ſtomach to the buſineſs. Aubrey is my goddeſs, and 'tis down right hereſy to follow any other. *(Another Servant enters.)*

Serv. My Lord, a perſon without ſays he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

L. Abb. What ſort of a perſon?

Serv. A little ugly fellow; I believe he's a Jew.

L. Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better train'd; ſo let me ſee him: who is in the antichamber?

Serv. There are ſeveral perſons waiting to ſpeak with your Lordſhip; they have call'd a great many times.

L. Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money, he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow, as you call him, to my cloſet, and bid thoſe other people call again. [*Exit Servant.*] Doctor, if any of my particulars are importunate to ſee me, don't let 'em interrupt me here; tell 'em I'm gone to Mrs. Macintoſh's; they'll know the place, and my buſineſs in it. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. They may gueſs that without the gift of divination truly: Ah! this paſſion is the prejudice of education! he may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Eſthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Beſſarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulph of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had ſeen a human creature in the whole courſe of his Travels.

TYRREL *enters to him.*

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intruſion; where is Lord Abberville? his ſervants deny him to me, and I've buſineſs with him of a preſſing ſort.

Dr. Druid. Buſineſs indeed!

Tyr. Yes, buſineſs, Sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you he is gone to Mrs. Macintoſh's; a commodious ſort of a pody, who fol-

lows one trade in her ſhop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his buſineſs there.

Dr. Druid. Pleaſure is all his buſineſs; I take for granted he finds ſome gratification in his viſits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil, the pleaſure of defacing beauty and deſpoiling innocence, of planting everlaſting miſery in the human heart for one licentious tranſitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots, thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her ſhame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I ſuppoſe Miſs Aubrey is the reigning paſſion now.

Tyr Curs'd be his paſſions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, Sir, ſhe was an angel once: ſuch was the graceful modeſty of her deportment, it ſeem'd as if the chaſtity, which now ſo many of her ſex throw from them, center'd all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can ſay but little in the caſe; women and politics I never deal in: in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no paſſion for the pillory. [*Exit*

COLIN *enters.*

Colin. Gang your gait for an old ſmoak-dried piece of goat's-fleſh *(ſhuts the door.)* Now we're alone, young Gentleman, there's ſomething for your private reading. *(Delivers a letter)*

Tyr. What do I ſee? Miſs Aubrey's hand! Why does ſhe write to me? Diſtraction, how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too—ecod, it gave it ſike a pull, I canna' for the ſol of me, get it bock into its place again: gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. (*reads*) "I am the martyr of an accident, "which never will find credit; under this ſtroke I "can't conceal a wiſh that Mr. Tyrrel would not give "me up; but as his ſingle oppoſition to the world's "reproach

" reproach might be as dangerous to him, as it muſt " be ineffectual to me, I earneſtly adviſe him to for- " get the unfortunate Auguſta."—What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence, the words as ſoft as modeſty could utter.—The martyr of an accident! She calls it accident; why that's no crime. Alas! it might be accident, which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt, which yielded to the tempter: of him ſhe makes no mention. Pray, Sir, inform me; you have ſeen this Lady—

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Diſcours'd with her—

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that diſcourſe do you recollect if ſhe named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect ſhe ſaid he was the ſource of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did ſhe ſay ſo much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look: I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh! 'tis too palpable! But, pray, did ſhe herſelf give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own hondes; gude faith, the heart within you wou'd ha' malted to have ſeen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture! Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no diſparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedneſs about it: odzooks! ſhe's with a Lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as cloſe as wax, d'ye ſee, you munna mang the ſeeret to my Laird.

Tyr. Well, well, the place—

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a couſin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wiſh to commune with; one Mrs. Macintoſh.

Tyr. 'Sdeath! that confirms it! There, Sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pandar in this buſineſs, I deſire never to be troubled more. [*Exit.*

Colin.

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend poſſeſſes you? What time o' the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite. There's miſchief in the wind; and this ſame Laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maiſter Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the caſe, and take his counſel on the whole. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH'S *Houſe.*

Mrs. MACINTOSH *and* TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you muſt and will be heard, you muſt; but pray be ſhort, my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind: you've got a Lady in your houſe has taken that from me I never ſhall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What Lady have I in my houſe?

Tyr. Miſs Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miſs Aubrey! You miſtake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: anſwer me truly, does not Lord Abberville viſit a Lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why then that Lady has undone me; ſhe has broke my heart.

Mrs. Mac. Yes; but her name's not Aubrey: my Lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my Lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleaſes to elude my ſearch, ſtill I muſt ſee her.

Mrs. Mac. Why you're mad ſure to think of ſuch a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a truſt? No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you ſee no Lady here. Why, ſure, I've not maintain'd an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at laſt.

Tyr. If you ſuſpect me, ſtay and be preſent at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and ſo have my Lord come in and catch us, and a tilting bout enſue betwixt you; no,

Mr.

Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a ſober well conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inqueſt come within my doors.—— Huſh, as I live, here comes my Lord: dear Tyrrel, be adviſed, come along with me, and betake yourſelf out of his way.

Tyr. No; I'll not ſeek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him: go, go, and leave us to each other. [*Exit Mrs. Macintoſh.*

Lord ABBERVILLE *enters.*

L. Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miſs Aubrey's account, come to my houſe: I anſwer nothing here.

Tyr. My Lord, when I'm aſſured Miſs Aubrey is in this houſe, and ſee you her viſitor, I can interpret for myſelf.

L. Abb. Miſs Aubrey in this houſe! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me ſo; your Mrs. Macintoſh herſelf confeſſed it.

L. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twou'd be a lucky hit, ſhould this be true: it may be ſo. *(aſide)*

Tyr. If you require more witneſſes to what I ſay, here comes an indiſputable one, Miſs Aubrey herſelf.

Miſs AUBREY *enters.*

Aub. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! Lord Abberville here too!—'tis what I dreaded. You have miſchief in your minds; but, I beſeech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor caſt away one thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your anſwer firſt to theſe demands. Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accuſation to prefer againſt this Lord, or do you acquit him, and ſubmit with patience to your ſituation?

Aub. I accuſe no one; I ſubmit with patience; I am content to be the only ſufferer in this buſineſs, and earneſtly intreat you to deſiſt from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm ſatisfy'd; and ſhall religiouſly obey you: Lord Abberville, I aſk your pardon for this interruption: I never ſhall repeat it more.

Aub.

Aub. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever. Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my fooliſh heart relapſes into love, I'll ſeize the reſolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever. (*Exit.*

Aub. Aſtoniſhing!

L. Abb. There, Madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that gentleman.

Aub. Cou'd I have thought this of him? Now I'm truly wretched.

L. Abb. No, Madam, if my purſe, my perſon, my aſſiduous ardent love can fill the vacancy his falſehood makes, you've had no loſs: dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; ſmile only on my wiſhes.

Aub. No, my Lord, no; you've made me wretched, guilty you ſhall never make me.

L. Abb. Inexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are: in a houſe where I am maſter; ſurrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; reſiſtance is in vain; if you refuſe my favours, Madam, you ſhall feel my force. (*Attempts her.*)

Aub. What is't you mean, my Lord?—Stand off!

MORTIMER *enters.*

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my Lord?

L. Abb. Mortimer! 'ſdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. (*goes to the door*) Nay, my good friend, come in. (COLIN *enters.*) This honeſt man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a diſtinguiſh'd rank are openly aſſaulting innocence, he, in his humble poſt is ſecretly ſupporting it.——If you come under that deſcription, Madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further buſineſs here.

Aub. Why ſhould I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor: your nephew, Sir, will tell you that is cauſe ſufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb. This grows too ſerious; I ſcorn to ſteal that from you half my fortune could not purchaſe. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven firſt form'd you; and

and to convince the world in what eſteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank and fortune at your feet.

Aub. No, there may be a legal proſtitute as well as a licentious one! had you a world to give, after your baſe experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I ſhall take. You may find others leſs exceptious; but in a noble family, though ſtripp'd of fortune, there will ſtill be pride.

L. Abb. I ſee my fate; I ſee a prepoſſeſſion in your heart too ſtrong for me to ſhake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour; I reſign Miſs Aubrey into your hands for the preſent, and ſhall expect you will avail yourſelf of no unfair advantages over me.——Macleod, I find Miſs Aubrey is to thank you for this ſeaſonable viſit of Mr. Mortimer's. [*Exit.*

Mort. Come, Madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore muſt ſtruggle hard to get you back again.

Aub. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardon me, but muſt I think you ſerious? If what you now propoſe is meant in kindneſs to me, I muſt ſay the world has not done juſtice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our ſex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your ſex have broke treaty with us, paſs'd the bounds betwixt us, forced into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its ſhame.

Aub. But all have not done this—

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all; a virtuous individual is of no ſex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aub. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue, which determin'd you to put me into this houſe.

Colin. De'el take me now and all my kindred with me, if I knew ought about the houſe, more than the name of Macintoſh upon the door.

Mort.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general miſconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his deſign in bringing you hither was more than innocent; depend upon it, it was noble: I have heard his ſtory, and at my requeſt he brings me here: commit yourſelf therefore to my protection, and rely upon my juſtice.

Aub. How ſhall I anſwer you? Your generoſity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I ſtudy luxury by principle, and am as ſenſual on the ſide of virtue, as Abberville, or any other faſhionable rake on that of vice.——Colin, you'll ſettle matters with your countrywoman, and come to us at my houſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe ſhe has a drop of Scottiſh blude in aw her compoſition; as I ſhall anſwer I never bluſh'd before for any of the name: there muſt be ſomething ſpurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little ſerious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoſhes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her deſcent 'twixt this and Noah, gadzooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I'll prove her an impoſtor.

ACT IV.

Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

AUBREY *alone.*

IF Bridgemore hasn't ſhifted his abode, that is the houſe; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I loſt a wife, and left an infant daughter. All diſpoſing Providence, who haſt ordain'd me to this hour, and thro' innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting ſpot, can it be wonder'd at, if I approach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have ſtill a child or not? What ſhall I do? If my Auguſta's loſt, 'twere better I ſhould never enter thoſe ill-omen'd doors; if ſhe ſurvives, how ſhall I diſcloſe myſelf,

myſelf, and tell her ſhe has ſtill a father? Oh, that unknown, and unperceived, I cou'd but catch a ſight of her, gaze till I had gratify'd my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till ſomebody comes out, that I may ſpeak to. *(Steps aſide.)*

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fiſh ſtreet Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd it had na got it's name for nought, that I might fairly ſmell it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Grouts houſe wou'd as ſoon be found, as this ſame Bradgemore's. One cries turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other ſtares and grins for ſooth becauſe I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but ſpeak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this man ſeems of a better ſort, and peradventure would concede an anſwer. Speed you, Gentleman, I pray you which way leads to Fiſh-ſtreet Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reaſon I could find it na' where alſe. Ken you one Bradgemore's may I aſk?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder houſe with the great gates; but it is many years ſince I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to aſk you a few queſtions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore—

Colin. I am.

Aub. And with his family——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it conſiſt of?

Colin. Troth, of a ſpouſe and a daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enow in a' gude reaſon; the de'el, Sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be ſerious, tell me, I beſeech you, do you know of no one elſe in Mr. Bridgemore's family?

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourſelf: you don't ſeem to know his houſe; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what baſe begotten brats he may have ſculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to ſay.—Theſe city cattle ſometimes will break paſture.

Aub. You miſconceive me, honeſt friend; has no young Lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor laſſie, ſhe once lived with Bradgemore; the worſe luck her's, but that is over; ſhe has got her liberty; ſhe's now releas'd.

Aub. I underſtand you——She is dead——

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time I wou'd ha' told you ſhe's releaſed from yon fat fellow's tyrrany; na more: out on him, filthy porpoiſe, aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude ſtore, dunna contain one grain of pity; troth, with his gude will ſhe might ha' ſtarv'd and periſh'd in the ſtreets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the ſame breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again.——Starv'd in the ſtreets? I thought ſhe had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, Sir, nought elſe, and that will not paſs current for a dinner. Zooks, an I myſall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' ſtapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't ſhe had been loſt.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whoſoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou haſt ſaved my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miſs Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. And if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my ſol you've got an angel of a child

child—But where have you been buried aw the while? for we believed you dead.

Aub. You ſhall hear all my ſtory, but this is no fit place to tell it in: ſatisfy me firſt if my poor child is ſafe.

Colin. Fear nought, ſhe's ſafe with Maiſter Mortimer; I laft her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maiſter Mortimer is one who does a thouſand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he muſt be known and not deſcrib'd; an' you will bait a-while in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been miſtaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I conſign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robb'd me—but till I've ſeen my daughter, I'll ſuſpend enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's. Come, my good ben factor, how fortunate was this meeting? I long to know to whom I owe this happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

A Compting-Houſe belonging to BRIDGEMORE.

BRIDGEMORE *and* NAPTHALI.

Bridge And ſo, friend Napthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn'd one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pamper'd carcaſe to the quick.

Napth. I'fait, he flings and winces ſo, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India-ſtock upon a ſettling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between thoſe that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. Theſe are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five touſand, and this the private contract for extraordinary intereſt. *(Gives ſeveral papers.)*

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal intereſt, and this doubles it. There, there, lye by and breed *(puts them by;)* but hark'e-me! Haſt brought the abſtract of the ſale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's conſignment you mean.

Bridge. The ſame; but mum! That's between you and me: cloſe, cloſe, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no ſenſes in that. Here I have make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make conſidering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well; it mounts; the raw ſilk was old gold; the carpetting and cottons not amiſs; and whuh! the rhubarb?

Napth. Ah, Sir, but vat is that?——Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politicks account for that; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold it's own. This rupture with the Ruſſians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming ſtroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague, a bleſſed circumſtance, tank Heaven; a bleſſed circumſtance, coot 7 *per cent.*

Bridge. Let me ſee; all together 'tis a thumping ſum: It netted forty thouſand: where's the conſcience, Napthali, that wou'dn't ſtrain a point for forty thouſand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you cou'd not ſtrike a jury out of Jonathan's that wou'd'nt acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay.

Bridge. Nothing at preſent. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odſo! well recollected! The Sea horſe is arrived from Scanderoon, ſhe that had ſuch high inſurances upon her.

Bridge What d'ye hear? What paſſengers come in her? Is ſhe at Stangate Creek?

Napth. No, in the pool; ſhe brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague fit; the Name of Scanderoon ſets all my teeth a chattering. *(Exit Napth.)* Well, would it had been poſſible to have kept my ſecret from that fellow——The Seahorſe come at laſt!——Why be it ſo——What ails me; what poſſeſſes me? If ſhe brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.——How now; who's there;

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, ſo pleaſe you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Abberville's retinue——Well, you have ſome enquiries to make about Miſs Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are cloſe upon the mark.

Bridge. I gueſt as much; but ſhe is gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to ſecrecy, I'd gee thee ſic a pill ſhou'd lead that weam of thine the de'll a dance. *(aſide.)*

Bridge. No, Maſter Colin, your Scotch policy will ſtand you in no ſtead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forſwear my country——Well, you wull na' have my meſſage then, I mun gang back to Maiſter Mortimer, and tell the Turkiſh trader you'll na' ſee him.

Bridge. Hold, hold, what trader do you ſpeak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a paſſenger from Scanderoon, aboard the what d'ye call the veſſel—the Seahorſe I take it.

Bridge. What, who? It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was——the mon is dead.

Bridge. Which man is dead; the paſſenger, or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! can't you think 'tis Aubrey?——By your leave, truth, awhile; you will na' take it much to heart, an I make uſe of falſhood, to detect itſall. *(aſide)*

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart. Give me your hand; I aſk your pardon heartily, my honeſt friend——and ſo he is dead you ſay——you're ſure he is dead——pray, what diſtemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters whuch diſtemper laid him there?

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough Pray you ſit down; I'll juſt run up and tell my wife and daughter——Zooks! ſuppoſe I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome, think you?

Colin. Ay, ſic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air.

[*Exit haſtily.*

Colin. Ecod, the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

NAPTHALI *enters haſtily.*

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot—Who's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold, friend Napthali; you and I munna part; you muſt keep pace wi' me to Maiſter Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impoſſible; why I muſt be at Bank, Sir, I muſt be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to ſettle. I ſhall have half the Coffee-Houſe on my back. Wou'd you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, Sir, you muſt travel.

[*Drags him out.*

LUCINDA *enters.*

Heyday! I never ſaw the like before; I can't think what poſſeſſes my father; he's intoxicated, quite beſide himſelf with this confirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death; for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; ſo that Auguſta had but one lover leſs, I care not if ſhe had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy any woman's preference; if I could draw him from her

wou'd

'twou'd be full retaliation for Lord Abberville——I'll go to Mortimer's; 'tis an untoward viſit; but I'll go there.

BRIDGEMORE *enters to her.*

Bridge. Come, buſtle, daughter, buſtle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to aſk the ſtranger's name. [*Exit haſtily.*

Mrs. BRIDGEMORE *enters.*

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourſelf, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you——Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn. [*Exeunt.*

Changes to MORTIMER's *Library.*

MORTIMER *and* TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-ſay circumſtances together, ſhook 'em in an empty noddle, and ſo produced a compound of nonſenſe and ſuſpicion.

Tyr. I plainly ſee I've judged too haſtily.

Mort. Judg'd! pooh, I would not give a ruſh for ſuch a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wiſely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemn'd yourſelf.

Tyr. I do condemn myſelf; and if Miſs Aubrey does not ſign my pardon, I am diſpoſed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourſelf upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be aſking pardon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*

COLIN *enters.*

Colin. Bleſs you, gude Maiſter Mortimer, I hanna ſlept in your commiſſion: yon fat fellow upon Fiſh-ſtreet Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him?

Colin.

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon ſame buzzard canna ſpy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks mon, you ſhall behold as pretty a diſcovery, come the time, as ever your eyes look'd upon; but aw things in their courſe; I mun gang hame the whilſt, but I'll be quickly back again, d'ye ſee.

Mort. Do ſo, my friend; and hark'e, tell your Lord I beg half an hour's converſation with him, when and where he pleaſes.

Colin. I ſhall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I croſs'd upon a Gentleman of no vulgar preſence, and conſidering he has ſojourned for a pretty many years with none but ſuch as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart cou'd wiſh.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maiſter Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you; he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himſall; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maiſter Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to his holy keeping till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

AUBREY *enters to* MORTIMER.

Aub. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant. Can you forgive the intruſion of a ſtranger?

Mort. A ſtranger, Sir, is welcome: I cannot always ſay as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly ſee your experience of mankind by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, Sir: I've viſited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a ſurgeon does an hoſpital, and find all men ſick of ſome diſtemper: the impertinent part of mankind are ſo buſy, the buſy ſo impertinent, and both ſo incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their caſe is deſperate: no corroſive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption. *Aub.*

Aub. Well, Sir, with ſuch good ſtore of mental proviſion about you, you may ſtand out a ſiege againſt ſociety; your books are companions you never can be tired of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable, than that of their authors wou'd be; I can bear them on my ſhelves, though I ſhou'd be ſorry to ſee the impertinent puppies, who wrote them: however, Sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reaſon.—But I'm taking up your time; the honeſt Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had ſomething of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a deſign to pay you down ſuch thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great profeſſions would annoy, whoſe principle is virtue, and whoſe retribution riſes from within.

Mort. Pray, Sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to requeſt, propoſe it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will addreſs you; I own you may confer a benefit upon me; 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me the happieſt of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you ſpeak good ſenſe; I like this well: let us do good, Sir, and not talk about it; ſhow me but how I may give happineſs to you, with innocence to myſelf, and I ſhall be the perſon under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young perſon under your protection, a Lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Reſign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub Put her into my hands: I am rich, Sir; I can ſupport her.

Mort. You're inſolent, or groſsly ignorant, to think I wou'd betray a truſt, a ſacred truſt: ſhe is a ward of virtue;

virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppreſſion I protect Miſs Aubrey—who are you, that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you perſiſt in it, and ſpite of my proteſt hold out, your conſtancy will be no virtue; it muſt take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your myſtery, and tell me why.

Aub. Becauſe—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cauſe.

Aub. Becauſe I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injured girl, whom you ſo honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bleſs and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his ſmall pittance, have, under Providence, preſerved my child; whilſt Bridgemore, whom I rais'd from penury, and truſted with the earnings of my travel, has abandon'd and defrauded her.

Mort. O mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forſwear thee.

Aub. Ah, Sir, you feel the villany of man in every vein; I am more practiſed, and behold it only with a ſigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a perſon at your houſe, who can relate particulars of my death, in which caſe it is clear he means to ſink a capital conſignment I ſent him about three years ſince, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

TYRREL *enters haſtily.*

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees—what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in ſuch haſte?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happineſs in life depends.

Aub.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I deſire you will not ſtir: let him make his requeſt; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never heſitate.

Tyr. What can I aſk of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miſs Aubrey mine?

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive pretenſions to Miſs Aubrey? Tell me in preſence of this Gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deſervings I confeſs; yet if an ardent, firm, diſintereſted paſſion, ſanctified withal by her conſent, can recommend me, I am not without ſome title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you ſhall know, Sir, is my nephew; my ſiſter's ſon; a child of fortune —Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allow'd me, Sir, to talk of love; openly, beneath your eye I have ſolicited Miſs Aubrey's conſent and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I reſemble her whom I adore: and I ſhou'd hope, tho' fortune has not favour'd us, we have not loſt our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature! While you enjoy its rights, how will you both provide againſt its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and ſhou'd it be your pleaſure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not ſo ſcantily provided but it can give to honeſt induſtry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good Gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reaſon on his ſide; and was I he, I never wou'd conſent to your alliance with Miſs Aubrey, till ſhe brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. Theſe are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me that you love money more than beauty, generoſity, or honour.

Aub. But is your Lady in poſſeſſion of all theſe? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your ſentiments.

Mort.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go, fetch your girl, and let my friend here ſee her; I'm in earneſt. Upon my honour, nephew, till you've gain'd this Gentleman's conſent, you never can have mine; ſo go your ways and ſet us ſee if you have intereſt enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh! if my fate depends upon her looks, they muſt be iron hearts that can withſtand 'em. [*Exit.*

Aub. The manly and diſintereſted paſſion of this youth, while it poſſeſſes me ſtrongly in his favour, gives an aſſurance of a virtuous conduct in my child; indeed, Sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me bluſh; and if he holds his courſe, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death—But, ſee, Sir, here your daughter comes.

TYRREL *introduces Miſs* AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obey'd: you ſee the Lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at, but my preſumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder! 'Tis her mother's image! Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your diſorder is too viſible.

Aub. I cannot ſpeak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Miſs Aub. Why am I ſent for? is your uncle angry? how have I offended?—

Aub. Huſh, huſh, ſhe ſpeaks; 'tis ſhe herſelf, it is my long loſt wife reſtored and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with theſe matters?

Miſs Aub. Why does that Gentleman regard me ſo attentively? His eyes oppreſs me; aſk him if he knows me?

Tyr. Sir, if you know this Lady, if you've any tidings to communicate that touch her happineſs, oh! that I cou'd inſpire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witneſs to the hard neceſſity, which tore him from an infant child, and

and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Miſs Aub. What do I hear? You was my father's friend?—The prayer and interceſſion of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourſelf, be conſtant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't ſtand this; I wiſh I was any where elſe.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Auguſta; my life upon it, there is happineſs in ſtore for thee.

Miſs Aub. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' ſickneſs and thro' ſorrow, Heaven has graciouſly preſerved, and bleſt at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did I not tell you this? Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Auguſta, all your ſufferings terminate this moment; you may now give way to love and happineſs; you have a father living who approves your paſſion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, ſpeaks to you, embraces you. [*Embraces her*

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both!

Tyr. See how her colour flies——She'll faint.

Aub. What have I done? Dear innocent, look up.

Miſs Aub. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for theſe divine vouchſafements——I have a father then at laſt——Pardon my tears: I'm little uſed to happineſs, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing elſe! But look, ſhe changes again——Help me to lead her into the air. [*Tyrrel and Aubrey lead her out.*]

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiſs for any of us. Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happineſs; 'tis thus the inhabitant of the earth meets that of Heaven, with tears, with faintings, with ſurpriſe: let others call this the weakneſs of our nature; to me it proves the unworthineſs; for had we merits to entitle us to happineſs, the means wou'd not be wanting to enjoy it.

ACT V.

The Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's *Houſe.*

Lord ABBERVILLE *followed by* COLIN.

Lord ABBERVILLE.

'SDEATH, Sir, am I or you the maſter of this houſe? who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? the gentlemen you excluded came by my ſpecial invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

L. Abb. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not ſuch?

Colin. Under favour, I took 'em to be ſharpers; I know your Lordſhip always loſes, and I've noticed that they always win.

L. Abb. Impertinence! I had debts of honour to adjuſt with every one of them.

Colin. Hang 'em, baſe vermin, pay them debts! pay your poor tradeſmen; thoſe are debts of honour. [*half aſide.*

L. Abb. What is't you mutter? It was you too, I ſuppoſe, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to diſcharge thoſe debts.

Colin. That's true enow, gude faith, I promiſed him a beating, and I kept my word.

L. Abb. Raſcal! thou'rt born to be my plague.

Colin. Raſcal! Your father never uſed that word.

L. Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them: ſhall I keep a ſervant in my houſe to drive away my gueſts, to curb my pleaſures, my purſuits, and be a ſpy upon my very thoughts; to ſet that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expoſe me in the moments of my weakneſs to that ſnarling humouriſt? I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. [*Exit.*

Colin. Well, well! 'tis vary well! A raſcal! Let it paſs—Zooks, I'm the firſt Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle—Let it paſs—I've ſeen the world, ſerved a ſpendthrift, heard myſelf called raſcal, and I'll now jog back again acroſs the Tweed, and lay my bones amongſt my kindred in the Iſle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

LA JEUNESSE

La Jeunesse *enters.*

La Jeu. Ah! dere he ſtand, le pauvre Colin in diſgrace! Ha! ha! ha! quelle ſpectacle! Ma foi, I muſt have one little word with him at parting—Monſieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my Lord have ſign you lettre de cachet: vat of dat? The air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux eſprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grande appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jeſt, Maſter Frenchman, at my countrymen an' welcome; the de'el a jeſt they made of you laſt war. [*Exit.*

La Jeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [*Exit.*

An Apartment in Mortimer's *Houſe.*

Mortimer, Aubrey, *and* Napthali.

Mort. And theſe are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You ſee your money has not ſlept in Bridgemore's keeping; your conſignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good intereſt. (*Mortimer looks over his papers.*)

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey may I aſk?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my coſt.

Napth. Did you conſign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the perſon who was guilty of that folly.

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take it for granted he would gladly have me ſo—But do you know any thing of that conſignment?

Napth. Heh! Do I know of it? I had better make a friend of him; 'tis up with Bridgemore fair; there is no ſenſes in ſerving him any longer (*aſide.*) Why you ſhall know, Sir, I was Bridgemore's broker for your merchandize: here is the abſtract of the net proceeds. (*gives a paper to Aubrey, who peruſes it ſome time*)

Mort. That's lucky as I live; I ſee an honeſt man

never can want weapons to defeat a knave—And pray, Sir, what might be your profit on this sale? double commission for a breach of trust, that is the rule of the trade, I think.

Napth. I work as others; I do nothing below market price.

Mort. You're right, Sir; 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap——But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.—Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me: I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings. [*Exit with Napth.*

DOCTOR DRUID *enters.*

Dr. Druid. Save you Sir, save you; is it true I pray you, that a learned Gentleman, a traveller but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? may he be talk'd with? what has he brought home? is he well stored with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, Sir, indifferent well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins of ancient Babylon; a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, Sir, mere ballast.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed, and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving: in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies: 'tis upon my memory; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the

the world, you'll find it a tough taſk; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the ſun ſhines you'll carry a candle; how will that light them, who travel in the night? Away with ſuch philoſophers, here comes an honeſt man, and that's a character worth ten on't.—(COLIN *enters.*) So Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, ſomething goes wrong at your houſe.

Colin. Troth, Sir, no mighty matter; only Laird Abberville has turn'd away a troubleſome fellow who bore your honour grate gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honeſt man belonging to him.

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is wall remember'd; look'e, I've got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Axcuſe me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages? why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one elſe.

Colin. Like enow, but by my ſoll I'll touch na' filler; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna' merited, Heav'n knows, nor ever ſhall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your preſence it ha' pleas'd my Laird to ſay, I am a raſcall; but I'll na' wear a raſcall's wages in a ſcottiſh pouch: de'el o' my ſoul, I'd ſooner eat my ſtroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou wou'd'ſt, but wait a while with patience; this raſh young man's affairs preſs to a criſis, I have yet one effort more to make, which, if it fails, I ſhall take leave of him as well as you.

JARVIS *enters.*

Jar. Lord Abberville, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Mort. That's well. Colin, go you with honeſt Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our ſtudies in this cauſe, come you with me; if my advice can reſcue your unhappy pupil from a courſe of guilty occupations, your philoſophy may furniſh harmleſs ones to fill their place: make haſte, make haſte; here come the Bridgemores.

Servant enters, introducing BRIDGEMORE, *his Wife and Daughter.*

Serv. Pleaſe to walk in here; my maſter will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a ſtranger; a gentleman juſt landed from Scanderoon. Know you of ſuch a one?

Serv. He is now in the houſe.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, Sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you preſently. [*Exit.*

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old ſurly-boots we cou'd well ſpare his company; 'tis a ſtrange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one ſeldom meets; I little thought of ever ſetting foot in his houſe: I hope the ſavage won't grow ceremonious, and return the viſit.

Luc. Unleſs he brings his nephew in his hand.

MORTIMER *enters.*

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand——

Bridge. True, Sir, but death you know is common to all men: I look'd to meet a gentleman here—this is all loſt time.

Mort. True: therefore before he comes, let us fill it up with ſomething more material: I have a buſineſs to propoſe to you, which I conſider as my own. You muſt know, Sir, I have a nephew.—

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel, I ſuppoſe?

Mort. The ſame.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commiſſion.

Luc. Law, Ma'am, you put me into ſuch a flutter.

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occaſion, you muſt father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Cou'dn't he as well have named my daughter?—Well, Sir, what are your expectations from that Lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily ſupply: I know no good thing ſhe ſtands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occaſion I ſhall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will juſt ſuffice: I think the ſum was forty thouſand pounds.

Bridge. Why you ſpeak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my cuſtom; I abominate long ſleepy proceſſes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your bounty —beſides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet ſcarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much miſtaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties ſhould at leaſt be ſuffer'd to conſult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em ſpeak for themſelves: 'tis their own cauſe, and they will plead it beſt: hark'e, come in, Sir, theſe are the parties.

TYRREL *and Miſs* AUBREY *enter.*

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Aſtoniſhing aſſurance! Auguſta here!

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Auguſta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who ſhall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the Lady are agreed, that's enough: I ſuppoſe it is not neceſſary for us to be preſent at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, Sir, I pray you, where's the occaſion for us to be call'd in, becauſe your nephew chooſes to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conſcience keep you ſilent.

Aub. Huſh, huſh! you frighten me; pray be compoſed; and let me own that no injuſtice, no ſeverity can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his paſt protection, and that ſhare of education he allow'd me; but when he puts this to the account of charity,

charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the ſhame that's falling on him.

Mrs Bridge. Is the man thunder-ſtruck! why don't you anſwer?

Mort. Charity keeps him ſilent.

Luc. Come, let's begone: her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks are poiſon.

Aub. Before you go, Miſs Bridgemore, ſuffer me to aſk, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you ſuppreſs'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber?

Luc. Miſs Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an anſwer to that queſtion.

[*Exit with Mrs. Bridgemore.*

Mort. Hold, you and I, Sir, muſt not part. (*To Bridgemore as he is going.*)

Bridge Well, Sir, your pleaſure?

Aub. I ſuffer for him; this is a ſcene I wiſh not to be preſent at. [*Exit.*

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Auguſta upon charity, I ſhall leave my uncle to diſcharge my obligations to you on that ſcore, together with his own. [*Exit.*

Mort. Well, Sir, we're now alone; and if it needs muſt be that one of us ſhall come to ſhame, 'tis well we are ſo. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man; let it be ſo: you ſhall have juſtice notwithſtanding: innocence requires no more. You are accuſed; defend yourſelf.

Bridge. Accuſed of what! and who is my accuſer?

Mort. A man; and you ſhall face him like a man. Who waits? (*A Servant enters.*) Deſire the ſtranger to come hither (*Exit Servant.*) Fear nothing; we're enough to try this queſtion; where the human heart is preſent, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be ſummoned. Here is a ſtranger has the confidence to ſay that your pretenſions to charity are falſe; nay, he arraigns your honeſty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and levell'd at the vital root of his profeſſion.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turky merchant I ſuppoſe; let him come in; I know upon what ground I ſtand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort.

Mort. (aſide.) We ſhall try that. Do you know this Gentleman?

AUBREY *enters.*

Bridge, (ſtarting.) Aubrey!

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confuſion——Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterneſs of my diſtreſs I put an infant daughter in your hands, the laſt weak ſcyon of a noble ſtock, was it to rob me you received her? To plunder and defraud an helpleſs orphan, as you thought her, and riſe upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepann'd? How ſhall I look my wife and daughter in the face? *(aſide.)*

Aub. Where have you lodged the money I depoſited with you at parting? I find my daughter deſtitute: what have you done with the remittances I ſent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abſtract of the ſale; if you diſpute it, I am here provided with a witneſs, your Jew broker, ready at hand to atteſt it to your face.

Bridge. Expoſe me not; I will refund to the laſt farthing: I diſpute nothing: call him not in.

Mort. There's no occaſion for witneſſes when a man pleads guilty.

Miſs AUBREY *enters, and throws herſelf on her knees to her Father.*

Miſs Aub. Dear Sir, upon my knees I do beſeech you mitigate your ſeverity; it is my firſt petition; he's detected, let his conſcience add the reſt.

Aub. Riſe, my beloved child, it ſhall be ſo. There, Sir, your pardon be your puniſhment; it was my money only you attempted, my choiceſt treaſure you have left untouch'd; now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expoſe you: learn of your fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for ever remain the inſeparable characteriſtic of an Engliſh merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to ſettle with you; you're

you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's; I find you've put Miſs Aubrey's money to extraordinary intereſt: Jarvis, ſhew this Gentleman into my library, you'll find a lawyer there will ſettle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already —A fine viſit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I ſhall meet at home. [*Exit.*

Aub. So! This uneaſy buſineſs paſt, let us now turn to happineſs: where is your Nephew?

Mort. Conferring with Lord Abberville.

Miſs Aub. Lord Abberville? You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep inciſion has let out the diſorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in ſhort I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to ſet this ricketty babe of quality upon his legs—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it ſhould be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE *and Mr.* TYRREL.

L. Abb. May we be ever ſo! O, Mortimer, I bluſh to look upon that Lady; your reproofs I bore with ſome compoſure; but methinks was ſhe to chide me, I ſhould ſink with ſhame.

Miſs Aub. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I ſhould be loth to give an interruption to your happineſs in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Auguſta——In the hope that I was labouring for thy ſake, and in thy perſon that I ſhould reſtore the proſtrate fortunes of an ancient houſe, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with ſucceſs, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondeſt hope could repreſent; but paſt experience makes me provident; I would ſecure my treaſure; I would beſtow it now in faithful hands—What ſay you, Sir, will you accept the charge? (*To Tyrrel.*)

Tyr. Yes, and will ever bear it in my ſight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What ſays my child, my dear Auguſta? But I read her looks——Bleſt be you both!

Mort.

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

L. Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; your's is the road to happiness; I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why that's well said; there spoke your father from within you: now begone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason, why you was a gamester?

L. Abb. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why, ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute——but there likewise I can serve you.

L. Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee?

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Dr. DRUID *enters hastily, follow'd by* COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray, Gentlemens, bear witness: is Master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen that lectures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials? and does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine own, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness, that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do; there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we wou'd not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer. *L. Abb.*

L. Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong; but I was not myſelf; be you no worſe a ſervant than you have been, and you ſhall find henceforward I will be a better maſter.

Colin. I'm ſatisfy'd; an you'll neglect yourſall na more than I ſhall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I muſt apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myſelf when I rebuff'd you on the buſineſs of Miſs Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maiſter Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to reſent the pertneſs of a child, or the petulance of a lover.

Miſs Aub. But what ſhall I ſay to him? where ſhall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty ſaved.

L. Abb. Hold, Sir, in point of obligation I ſtand firſt. By how much there is more diſgrace in doing than in ſuffering a violence, by ſo much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod and that is true enow; Heaven ſends misfortune, but the De'el ſends miſchief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Maſter Colins, all is paſt and over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admoniſh you for the future to be quiet and hear reaſon; moderate your choler and your paſſions and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and diſpute with me; in fait you ſhou'd know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that ſhould know better; in this poor Highlander the force of prejudice has ſome plea, becauſe he is a clown; but you a citizen that ſhou'd be of the world, whoſe heart philoſophy and travel might have open'd, ſhou'd know better than to join the cry with thoſe, whoſe charity, like the limitation of a brief, ſtops ſhort at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed. By Heaven, I'd rather weed out one ſuch unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their empire.

FINIS.